## PICTURE BONNETS ARE HERE.

OLD-FASHIONED HEADGEAR IN IDEALIZED FORM.

Great Possibilities Found in Bonnets-They Are Gayer Than the Gayest of Picture Hats-The Searf Knotted Under the Chin Their Hall Mark - Novelties.

Having meekly accepted the return of the crinoline, who is there among us bold enough to cast the first slur at the bonnet that has also crept back while eccentric incongruity in fashion is at flood tide?

There are some very sweet, plump, rosy faced women, moving down a sunny slope just the other side of middle life, who will rejoice exceedingly over the new fashion for old-fashioned bonnets. They have longed for appropriate headgear, have lost much time and money in pursuit of the vanishing bonnet, and have suffered from a sense of much incongruity in the strange showy creation that has for a decade done duty as a bonnet understudy.

But this year's bonnets are not wholly for these peaceful ladies who walk in pleasant places. Bonnets are in vogue again for various occasions, for theatre, for concert, for visiting, for all times when a huge picture hat would seem out of place.

The first bonnets displayed were uncompromisingly of the old type, without any sort of weak kneed catering to pictur- all for naught? Not at all, for the pursuers in the richest of the bonnets for elderly esqueness. They were small of crown and of evanescent bonnets let no prey once in women. The most elaborate have tulle to the mark this fall. All over The Bronx

scoops, into the epitome of coquetry that ties under the chin on Dresden vases, into a combination poke and picture hat that is audacious in profile and demure in full

And how about the little bows and folds and pipings and tiny aigrettes and dis-



creet small ends that a few weeks ago brought comfort to the sweet ladies of gentle ways? Was their valiant little sortie

and streamer ties. It is a costume hat of felt or cloth or liberty velvet, and is becoming only to the most modish of women, having their hair done with mathematical precision, and for the tailor-made girl.

Then there are bonnets especially designed for older women-not those who bought the plain little models a few weeks eyes set in gun metal. It is worn with an ago, but for women who want to disguise the trappings of age, who wish excess of smartness even with change of outline in brim, which is the only one that shows, is elaborately trimmed with passementarie, spangle ornaments or art nouviau

buckles. The handsomest of the bonnets for older Therefore Some Folks Think the Coming women are in velvet or chenille braid in black, black and white, or any color to match the toilette. Feathers are used singly and in groups-very short feathers -and aigrettes and pompons. Usually a the left brim, for instance, two Prince of Wales feathers, and aigrettes caught with a jewelled buckle or a rabbit's ear twist of velvet. The ties are wide, though of the softest liberty satin, and long.

For winter dressy affairs, bonnets will combine lace and fur, often put on the rolled up brim in panels, or there may be insertion. Jet and lace, spangles and crop, never a total failure, seems unusualige lace and fur and flowers will be combined short.

into Victorian coal scuttles, into Directoire ting out in a peak in front. This has feather is shown in a sapphire velvet Directoire bonnet. The crown and brim are covered with the new English velvet in the most glowing of deep blues. A long deep blue plume covers the right side of the crown and droops over the bair at the back, and the crown is nearly hidden under many twists of a necklace of Parisian peacocks'

autumn gown of blue and green voile. And the metamorphosis of the bonnet offers the consoling suggestion that there is not their clothes. These bonnets have the much need to worry about an ugly fashion wide brim flaring out and back. The outer once it is subjected to the alchemy of the America girl's good taste.

NUT CROP IS SHORT.

Winter Will Be Mild. Weatherwise folk hereabouts are prophesying a mild winter because the local crop

of wild nuts is short. This year the shagbarks of The Bronx showy bit of trimming springs up from are bare of nuts and even the despised pignut hickories have little fruit. The butternuts, which nobody, save a few Southern residents, ever takes the trouble to gather, are a total failure, and even the

black walnuts are few. It is an unusual year in these parts when the beeches bear a crop. They are fruitful hardly one year in five, and this is not strips of narrow fur run through coarse one of their lucky years. Even the acorn

Only the chestnuts seem to be fully up

# CHANGING FASHIONS IN SONGS.

IT'S HARD TO KEEP ABREAST OF THE PUBLIC TASTE.

Instance the Successful Song Writer Who Has Just Passed Through Bankruptey -Public Fickle, if Profits Are Big Popular Styles Soon Wear Out.

Writing a country's songs is nowadays almost as profitable as making its laws, if one is fortunate enough to write the song that happens to be the great success of a season. If it holds its own for two seasons, the songmaker will be far more to the good than the lawmaker. Fortunes made out of popular songs are often exaggerated, however, or the man with a longer list to his credit than any other American composer of these daily ditties would not have gone through bankruptcy the other day.

"Think of it," said a man with two successes in one year to his credit, "think of the man who wrote 'The Letter That He Looked For Never Came, 'The Mottoes That Are Framed Upon the Wall.' 'Here Lies An Actor,' 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me' and 'The Blue and the Gray' having to go into the bankruptcy court! That all goes to prove that styles in popular songs change and that you've got to change with them or your public will not stick to

"There never was a greater list of popular songs to the credit of one composer than this man had. But he didn't realize that he had to follow the change in the styles of songs, and he came a cropper."

It looked a year ago as if the ordinary coon song had been pushed as far as it would go. Composers who had been successful in that style of songs were turning their attention to "Under the Bamboo Tree" as a native African song and "Navajo" as an Indian song. But when "I've a Feeling for You" began to devastate the

a Feeling for You" began to devastate the country last February, it was necessary to reverse this opinion.

"The coon songs like 'I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph Mah Baby,' and 'My Girl's a Highborn Lady' have lost their popularity altogether," said Theodore Morse, who is responsible for "I've a Feeling for You," "but the finished coon song with something novel in rhythm or melody is just as much in demand as ever. But there must be something novel in the song. 'Good-Bye, My Lady Love,' which is also a coon song of the newer kind, has been just as popular as any. But the ragtime of the last five years is now as dead as a doornail.

"That was shown very well in the case of a song composer who had been turning

a song composer who had been turning out one successful cakewalk song a year until suddenly the demand for cakewalk music ended. He was wise enough, however, to see the drift of taste and turned his attention to the newer kind of coon songs, which resulted in one of the most successful of the season."

It would interest some lovers of popular music to know that one of the most generally whistled pieces of the last year was the immortal quartet from "Rigoletto" with a complete change of tempo. Another was a sprightly combination of the so called "Jewel Song" from "Faust" and "Johnny, Get Your Gun." The composer of that

"Jewel Song" from "Faust" and "Johnny, Get Your Gun." The composer of that sold it for \$10,000.

Another recently put on the market is made up largely of Liszt's second rhapsody. These pieces have enjoyed tremendous popularity, and in one or two cases have been attributed to well known persons, although they were really written by men in the employ of the music publishing houses which put these songs on the market. A woman who figures as the composer of several of these songs is a popular music hall singer, and she puts into all her contracts the condition that the overture to the vaudeville performances in which she sings, as well as the final orchestral number which plays the audience out," shall be of her own composition. She, of course, writes none of them, but they are supplied to her by a music publishing company that pays her act. position. She, of course, writes none of them, but they are supplied to her by a music publishing company that pays her for this service. She sings during her act both the song played as an overture and that which the audience hears last. By this means at least two songs have recently

both the song played as an overture and that which the audience hears last. By this means at least two songs have recently been made very popular:

There are tricks in the song maker's business as in others. One popular composer knows how to utilize these to the most profit. One of his most successful songs utilized with very little change Will S. Hay's "Do You Love Me, Molly Darling?" which was at the height of its popularity in 1878. He would never deny that he used the melody, but would be rather proud of his ingenuity in making such successful use of old material.

Another composer of su cessful melodies is now employed regularly by a publishing firm because of his wide acquaintance with the older operas. He was for a long time in a music store and if customers who could remember only a few bars of an opera wanted to buy the whole score, he wafamiliar enough with all the music to te them what they wanted.

It is not only the composers who have to struggle against the charge of plagiarism, but the the men who write the words as

well.

"My last song is called 'Make a Fuss over

"My last song is called 'Make a Fuss over "My last song is called 'Make a Fuss over Me,' Mr. Moore told a Sun reporter yesterday, "and I have already had letters from composers saying that I had stolen the title from them. One was from a man whose song has not been published yet. It is to prevent that sort of thing that one firm now invents its own titles, using words which could never have been thought of by anybody else. That is the only way of protecting a title.

"What relation to the success of a song the title or the words may bear, has never

protecting a title.

"What relation to the success of a song the title or the words may bear, has never been settled in any but a financial way. It is definite enough though, in that particular. The man who writes the words of a popular song receives for his work just as much as the composer, although most of the work falls on the man who writes the music. It only begins for him after the song has been accepted. He is usually the only one of the trio that plays the piano, and it is he who has to play the song for soubrettes and anybody else whom he wants to sing it. All that the man who writes the words has to do is to come in once a week and get whatever royalties there may be for him."

It should be added in favor of the fortunate text writer, however, that his task is usually to supply the words for the music and it is not always easy to follow the vagaries of the composer's genius. It speaks volumes for the poet that no composer of music is ever willing to part company with anybody who can provide him with suitable words, however easy that may appear.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Moore said,

appear.
"As a matter of fact," Mr. Moore said,

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Moore said, "there are many more good composers of music than there are good verse writers. So they are always in demand."

One composer and verse writer who have worked together for a long time, made very successful use of even old titles. "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," was the refrain of one of their songs although it bore no relation to the old hymn that Lotta used to sing, and the verse writers have to wait

lation to the old hymn that Lotta used to sing, and the verse writers have to wait some time for their successes.

"Men go on grinding out songs for years,"
Mr. Moore said, "before they strike a success. Sometimes they never do. The public hears many popular songs, but few persons realize how many are composed and published without making any success at all. Men stick to it year in and year at all. Men stick to it year in and year out and the publishers take their songs because they never can tell what is going to

because they never can tell what is going to strike the public taste. Sometimes they may get a success after years of trying, and again they may hit it at the first trial and never have the same cuccess for years.

You can count on the fingers of one hand the men who continue to have big successes one after the other. Some of the composers who are most disappointed are those who try an entirely new field, make a hit with one song and are never able to repeat it, while their imitators may follow up their lead and get the public. That happens all the time. The real in-



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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.

ventor of something new may profit less by it than his imitators." GYMNASTICS IN VOGUE NOW.

an instance of the rapidity with a style can be played out. "Salome" was the first, and there followed so many that within a year the public taste for these songs was entirely exhausted. Now the military march song holds the field.

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Social Barriers of Foudalism Swept Away by the War.

Tokio, Aug. 28.-There may be better workers than the Japanese women, but I have not seen them, and their work during the present war cannot be measured by any ordinary scale of human values. With characteristic nicety of detail they

set about the work at hand, seeking neither praise nor criticism as they solve their problems. Possibly they have their petty jealousies like other women, and their differences to adjust, but these are not in evidence, and no machine could run so smoothly if not well oiled.

Their wisdom and foresight in large and small matters are as remarkable as the nation's preparedness for war, and it is the more wonderful when you consider that many of them have been reared in luxurious ease and most of them in close seclusion.

A few have gone out into the world with their husbands since the Restoration; a few more have participated in official life at home, but the majority knew nothing of work prior to this war. With an ability that challenges the admiration of foreigners on the spot, they stepped into the arena

The barriers of feudalism that made it impossible for a woman of rank to associate with one of no rank, or to come into personal contact with the lower classes, are removed forever. Even the imperial princesses work side by side with the wives of army and navy officers, officials, merchants and teachers. They are banded together in a common cause-Japan in the hour of

Of course rigid etiquette is observed in the outward formality of rising and bowing when the imperial princesses enter and leave the room on the occasion of gatherings to do Red Cross work. No conversation s addressed to them, and they work at tables with their laides in waiting, with whom they chat, as others do throughout the room, no further restriction being im-

And this in a land where but forty years ago the eyes of the Mikado's subjects could not look upon his face, and the imperial court was as securely safeguarded from the outer world as the sacred confines of

Mrs. Crowe Passes Every Night in Sleeping Bag on a Perch.

From the Chicago Journal.

Tucked snugly away in an eiderdown bag, fanned by the chill winds of Lake Michigan and minked

lard Hall at that institution. "I am no convert to outdoor living," said Mrs. Crowe, "because I have always been a believer in it. Why should not one sleep out of doors in Evanston as well as when

"My sleeping bag? It is not extraordinary. It is of denim lined with an eiderdown quilt. It is really a bed that folds around the sleeper There is a head covering that will protect the eyes of the late sleeper from the morn-

"I have spent the summer in the upper Sierras. Up in the Sierras the atmosphere is always dry. Consequently every one in camp sleeps outdoors, right on the ground. You simply put on your sleeping bag and lie down. If you would sleep in the morning after the sun has risen you protect your eyes

"Here is the porch-my sleeping place," she said as she came out on the broad veranda, "and I assure you it is delightful. Afraid of porch climbers? Why, no. A veteran f the Sierras should be fearless in Evanston.

PRIVATE GYMNASIUMS FOUND IN

MANY HOUSES. One Cost \$30,000 and Has a Swimming

Pool-Physical Culture Recommended by Doctors-The Instructor's Task Is Not by Any Means a Sinecure. "A gymnasium's almost as common as a library in the homes of the rich New York-

ers nowadays," said a physical culturist in ordinary to fashionable people "I should say that at least 80 per cent. of the elite had gymnasiums of their own." He pronounced the word élite in the way suggested by its spelling, for most of his education was acquired in the school of boxers and prize fighters before the physical culture fad gave him a chance to make more comfortable living by taking pounds off overweights and putting them on underweights. He knows the human body

ciety column of a newspaper, with a few theatre announcements thrown in. "Not all of 'em has gymnasiums fitted up like one woman's," he went on. "Her gymnasium is costing her something like \$50,-000. It is to have a swimming pool and

much better than the English language, and his list of patrons looks like the so-

all the apparatus of a first class gym. "But there's many a room that some times cost \$7,000 or \$8,000 to furnish that's had every stick of its mahogany taken out, its rugs up and curtains down, and has been fitted up with \$200 or \$300 worth of gymnasium stuff. You could hardly throw a stone on Fifth avenue or Madison avenue or any of them swell cross streets and not

hit a house with a gym. "Physical culture isn't a fad any more. All the big doctors recommend it since they come to get their pay by the year instead

of by the visit. "When it was a question of \$5 or \$10 or \$25 a visit, they didn't care about keeping their patrons well all the time. But now that they get a yearly sum, like a lawyer's retainer, they recommend plenty of physical arcise. It doesn't make them work hard to earn their \$15,000 or \$25,000, which

is what some of the big ones pull down. "All this throws business my way. You'd be surprised to know how many women stay in town during the summer that used to go away; and if they don't stay in town

stay close enough to come in two or "Lots of 'em that used to go to Wiesbaden and Carlsbad and some of those other European resorts has quit it; and if you could see 'em kicking around here on the floor and punching bags, and working with pulleys and the quarter circle and dumbbells and Indian clubs, you'd see the diagraph to be adder to real for the lives.

with pulleys and the quarter circle and dumbbells and Indian clubs, you'd see 'em doing the hardest work of their lives.

"Charge 'em? Why, I've charged them as high as \$200 and \$300 a month in special cases where I had to shut out other people to give them the entire use of the gymnasium for an hour or two as often as they wanted to come. You see they have to come here to learn what to do in their gymnasiums at home.

gymnasiums at home.
"Hard to manage? Well, I guess. But I make 'em understand that if they are going in for it they must do it in earnest.
"I can make women do what their doctors and their husbands can't make 'em do;

and their husbands can't make 'em do; and I can make the men do things that their wives and doctors can't make them do. I do it by appealing to the vanity of the women and the conceit of the men.

"The women all want to be made to look as well as possible in evening gowns, and the men want to do their stunts better than any other fellow that comes around, and I just harp on those two things all the time.

"I should say the trouble with most of "I should say the trouble with most or them, society people and stage folks alike, was high living and too much wine. The first thing I have to do is to learn their habits, and I make them tell me the truth. "As soon as I find they are eating more than four pounds a day, I make them out down on that. I not only ask them, but I telephone to their homes and ask their maids about them.

aids about them. Then I take to calling them up on the

phone about time for them to get up and remind them to cut short a little on breakfast and take the proper exercise. Then I call them up just before dinner and tell them to cut it short a half hour or se, for it's this long sitting at table and having a little more of this and a little more of that that does the business. It doesn't take long to take a half pound or a pound more of food

when you keep sitting at the table.

"When I get a hard case, I've got to watch them every minute, and I earn my \$200 or \$300, you can bet. It's a good deal easier to put on pounds than to take them off. When I get them to eating right and exercising right I expect a man or woman to gain a pound a day; and when they don't do it I send them to a doctor, for I know there's something the matter that they're holding back from me.

"I'm not afraid of these private gyms
putting me out of business, though there's
an awful lot of them, because doctors all
know enough to tell their patients that
physical culture is a bad thing to monkey
with unless you get advice as to how with unless you get advice as to he to go about it."

A cheaply made sewing-machine is dear at any price, because faulty in action, liable to break and difficult to operate. That it is truest economy to buy a Singer can be perfectly

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quaintness or alluring reserve in them. In fact, they did not belong to this day and generation. Why, they even looked sensi-

But not for long. A pretty girl of ideas waved the twentieth century wand in front of one of these simple yet " revolting structures." and straightway the brim grew



wider and rolled back and curved, and the crown attained some useless dignity of proportion and flaunted a plume. Then she said a few cabalistic words and there suddenly appeared long, wide streamers that would tie just back of the left ear and flutter about in every autumn breeze, making the bonnet a menace to the heart of mankind instead of a forbidding head covering



that would have appealed to the ascetic

eye of the Salem fathers.

Since the New York girl first appeared in her idealized bonnet society has slightly recovered from its panic of fear lest it should look like showy Salvation Army lasses all winter. It has, in fact, discovered

wonderful possibilities in bonnets. and sensible in early September has grown flat against the crown at the sides and jut-The headgear that started out so simple

brim, and meek in adornment. Narrow sight escape, and the first advance of bon- or lace ties and are caught with real jewel the trees are laden as they have not been strings formed prim bows directly under nets were all captured by the rosy cheeked | buckles instead of being tied.

gayer than the gayest of picture hats. The self-made picture bonnet is more audacious in outline, more glowing in color, more individual and stirring than a picture hat descended in direct line from pictures of the famous Duchess of Mariborough.

It's the same the world over. Who so proud a land owner as the Socialist with a recent inheritance? The Directoire bonnet is one of the most interesting offshoots from the dwarf parent bonnet. It is in every pale tint of felt, with a wide brim flat at the sides, a tall crown, feathers tumbling over the rim in front,

ribbons about the crown and fastening under the chin. It is always in harmony with the Louis gown it is designed for, gray, white, black, delicate rose or daffodil, and it has a piquant personality and a toplofty air in the pres-

ence of mere hats. The Victorian bonnet is more ingénue



in shape, the wide brim flares out more away from the face, there are nosegays on the under brim and garlands about the crown, and feathers, too, and gauze scarfs

that are tossed about the shoulders. And the Victorian bonnet should have great go, because it so perfectly suits the débutante sort of girl, who is going in extensively for the Victorian gown. It is a young, helpless type of hat, at the mercy of a drop of rain, needing a train of devoted cavaliers. In fact, an escort is as essential to a Victorian costume as the girdle or bunchy trimming or boned

And that combination of poke bonnet and picture hat! It is usually of velvet with a wide brim flaring up at the left side, lifting a bunch of feathers aloft as it turns. The right side droops pathetically, and from the back of the crown are in; sash ends to tie about a throat that is brown and firm. This style of bonnet is most often seen

in the brilliant fall colors, in all the browns shading out to frosted maple leaf or October larch foliage, or sumach or Japanese ivy or Michaelmas daisies, and in all motor red sometimes, or black with splashes of blue and green. And there is a very affected bonnet with

a high crown and wide brim folding up

the chin, and there was no possibility of battalion whose war cry is common sense.

There is this advantage about these been several good chestnut crops in that But these sublimated bonnets, they are roll brim bonnets: if they are carefully time. fitted to the head they do not mar the long Trees, little and big, seem well fruited. head and throat lines that have so much

> to do with beauty. They follow the curve of the head instead of cutting it, as a wide brim does. This is why an older woman who looks



often appears awkward and foolish and unattractive in a hat, however stylish. The real grown-up bonnet is always worn back from the face, to show a puff or part of hair. When the same shape is worn forward it becomes a toque or an ec-

centricity, and very few women over 50 can afford either venture. The milkmaid hat, with flapping brim, is also sporting long gauze ties and masquerading as a bonnet. One in silver blue chenille braid carries a wide Alsatian bow in blue across the front of the crown and a

pale rose scarf.



enormously high crown covered with ribbon rosettes, all in black, with white lace scarf and ends. In fact, the hall mark of the modern bonnet seems to be the scarf knotted under the chin or twisted about the throat. One great lover of novelty has a picture bonnet trimmed with beads. Beads are so tremendously in vogue that they are ordered to match nearly every suit, but it

is a new idea to circle a hat crown with a long necklace. A pretty example of this unusual whim

for four or five years past, and there have

Even the dying giants of the forest bristle with spiny fruit. The early promise of the chestnuts was remarkable. Chestnut tops showed hoary in late June all through the woodlands of the suburbs, and now they bristle against

the sapphire sky of autumn so that the leaves are almost hidden. As usual when the trees bear an unusually large crop there is a considerable proportion of defective nuts, and these already thickly strew the ground, especially beneath trees that are not robust. The unusual number of fallen burrs has started a rumor that the chestnuts are ripening early, and this supposed unnatural manifestation is held ome to threaten something portentous

by some to threaten something portentous in the coming winter.

As a matter of fact most of the fallen chestnuts do not repay the trouble of the finder in opening the burrs. It is the irony of nature that the worm is born with the chestnut, and a great crop of chestnuts means also a great crop of worms.

The notion that the chestnuts are ripening early and without waiting for the touch of frost has set suburbanites to nutting

ing early and without waiting for the touch of frost has set suburbanites to nutting earlier than usual. Within the next week every chestnut within reach of a good climber or a strong thrower will be harvested, before it has ripened.

Luckily the great trees of The Bronx, giants twelve or fifteen feet in circumference and 150 feet high, carry their crown of bristling fruit far beyond the reach of the most adventurous boy or man. The chestnute so situated calmly await the touch of the frost and the coming of a powerful all night

frost and the coming of a powerful all night rost and the coming of a power for all night autumn wind.

They will brown for days in tantalizingly wide open burrs, while the nimble squirrels gather their harvest and the baffled suburbanite looks on, helpless. Then whoever has the luck to be abroad on some gloriously bright mid-October morning, when the woods are new clad in sudden splendor, will hear that delicious and suggestive sound of the puts pattering down upon the crisp and nuts pattering down upon the crisp and bright new fallen leaves, a sound to turn gray heads brown and drive the wrinkles from the face of age, so full it is of boyish

from the face of age, so full it is of boyish memories.

Each perfectly ripe nut shows brown and brilliant against its background of purple, russet or golden leaves, and the briskest nutter cannot keep up with the hall that accompanies a strong wind. The leaves fall with the nuts, and there is a rich aftermath for him who comes with sharp eyes and a poking stick with which to disturb the new laid carpet of the woodland.

Up in The Bronx it is the Italian residents who will gather most of the chestnut crop, for the women are now abroad scouring the woods for winter fuel, and incidentally watching the progress of the chestnuts. They will note when the first sharp frost has opened wide the burrs, and will go to bed early on the first windy night after, ready to rise and call their tribe of ragged urchins to gather the final fruits of the harvest. The nuts that go home to be ground into rich meal for Italian households are the very finest of the season.

THE BLOT ON CALIFORNIA. A Delightful Land With One Thing Lacking, as Seen by Bostonian Eyes. They were discussing the charms of the

California climate. California climate.

"I never knew but two persons who could resist the wiles of that delightful land," one of the company said, "and they were a mother and chapter from the Hub. They came to Pasadena while we were there and they stayed just two days. One of us chanced to express surprise at their brief sojourn, and the older woman explained:

"It is beautiful here, of course. We have that the stay of the said "It is beautiful here, of course. We realize that. But, after all, it is so far from

"And back they went that very day."

Lhasa have been up to the present time. SHE SLEEPS OUT OF DOORS.

gan, caressed by the moonbeams and winked at by the stars, a little woman out in Evanston sleeps every night out of doors. She is Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe, dean of women at Northwestern University and head of Wil-

one camps out West?"

by the flap that comes over your head.

"Every one in California sleeps outdoors much as he can. Sleeping bags are common articles of trade.

"Shall I do it in cold weather? An altitude of 10,000 feet in the Sierras brings cold weather. And I slept there. But my bag is not waterproof and I couldn't do it in damp weather."



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demonstrated by inquiry at any Singer Store.